

**NEW EVENING PAPER.**—This day, at one o'clock, the "Evening Chronicle" makes its appearance. The first number will contain the commencement of a series of Prize Articles, which will be continued at intervals, till all are placed before the public.

The extraordinary increase and popularity of the Herald as a commercial, business, and general newspaper of the highest rank, have necessarily crowded out of its columns a great deal of local and amusing matter which is interesting to the public at large. The Chronicle will supply this deficiency. In another respect, also, the Chronicle has been very much wanted. The present race of evening papers, conducted on the old credit system, are "dull, flat, unprofitable," besides being dear, badly worked, and worse edited. This will be now remedied.

The Evening Chronicle will be furnished to subscribers at their residences at two cents per copy, payable weekly to the newsmen. It will also be sold at all public places, and sent out of town at the same rates. For the medium of advertising, it will be superior to any evening paper extant. Being the first evening paper ever attempted in New York on the cheap cash system, its circulation among families, boarding houses, traders, and all classes of society will be immense. It will contain all the foreign and domestic news, stock market, &c., up to the hour of publication.

Persons wishing to have the Evening Chronicle left at their places of residence, will please leave their names at 21 Ann street. All advertisements, which are invariably payable in advance—to be handed in before 11 o'clock on each day of publication.

**OUR UNIVERSITY DEDICATION.**—In the establishment of the University of the city of New York, the commercial emporium has achieved a triumph of good taste and correct judgment, of which her inhabitants will ever have reason to be proud, and which will be rewarded by the gratitude of thousands who are to reap the benefit of so noble an enterprise.

The beauty of its situation, its architectural grandeur, the number and excellence of its professors, the liberality with which it has been endowed and is to be conducted, make it an object of admiration, unrivalled among the institutions of our city. We never felt better satisfied with human nature—and especially with human nature as developed in New York, than when, on Saturday, we paced the marble halls of that edifice which, on that day, was dedicated a temple of science.

The empire State is proud, and justly so, of her magnificent internal improvements, yet the great western canal, mighty as was the genius that projected and executed that monument of national enterprise, sinks into comparative insignificance, when compared with the establishment of the institution whose dedication we are commemorating. That was the effect of commercial enterprise and immense resources.—This will be a nursery of talent and genius, which will produce results not to be compared with any work which has for its object nothing better than pecuniary aggrandizement.

At one o'clock on Saturday, we were in the chapel of the University. It was already full to overflowing, and the light of a lovely day shining through the painted windows of this singularly beautiful specimen of gothic architecture, never shone on a more brilliant audience. 'Twas not the brilliancy of gems and coronets—not the dazzling lustre of steel warriors—not the barbaric glitter of feudal magnificence, which the lofty arches, fretted vaults, and armorial devices, each moment called up in the imagination of the spectator. There was something brighter, fairer, dearer than these—there was woman's loveliness, robed in beautiful simplicity—there were beaming eyes, and cheeks blushing like new blown roses, and forms of youthful grace and angelic beauty.

The services were appropriate and impressive. To the address of Mr. Tallmadge we shall not attempt to do justice. It was precisely the thing which the occasion demanded. In a style of chaste and simple eloquence he spoke of our national character, institutions and prospects—of the necessity of general education, of the travels imposed by collegiate institutions founded on the models of the old world—the palpable necessity for a reform, and the object of the establishment of this University.

It was proposed, at a public meeting of our citizens in 1830,—was immediately entered upon—and in 1832, previous to the erection of the edifice, the course of education had commenced in rooms at Clinton Hall. The Legislature passed an act of incorporation, granting it, not only the ordinary privileges of a college, but the right of giving diplomas for particular branches of science and literature, and of conferring degrees in law and medicine. A council, consisting of gentlemen of different religious denominations—for nothing of a sectarian character is allowed—a chancellor and professors—at present sixteen in number, compose the government. To enjoy its advantages, no preparatory course is requisite—nor is any one obliged to pursue any studies but those of his own choice, and his term may be longer or shorter according to his circumstances. A student here can pursue the old routine of classical education, if he have time and inclination, or learn but one of the numerous branches taught. There are professors of most of the ancient and modern languages, and of all the mathematical, metaphysical and natural sciences—in short, an array of talent, and a system of education which cannot fail of meeting with the unanimous approbation and liberal patronage of our citizens.

**FATAL FALL.**—Mr. John P. Douglas, one of our most worthy citizens, met with an accident on Saturday night that terminated fatally. He was listening to the music of the band which arrived in the John Adams, performing at Palmo's, and incautiously leaped against a side gate in Reade street, which leads to Mr. Palmo's kitchen. The gate, being unfastened, gave way, and precipitated Mr. Douglas into the area, and his head striking violently on the stone stairs, caused a contusion of the brain, which caused his death at about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. Upon a discovery of the injury Mr. Douglas had received, he was conveyed to the City Hospital, where every attention was paid his case demanded. A coroner's jury sat on the body yesterday afternoon, and a verdict was given of accidental death.

In the Herald of Saturday, you have referred to me as the correspondent of the *Black Atlas*. The reference is unjustifiable and without foundation.—*The Author of the Life of Aaron Burr.*

Very well—be it so. But from certain reasons known to the "Author" and ourselves, we were both justifiable, and had foundation for our belief. The "Author" denies it—there that rests. It now remains for the "Spy in Washington" to put in a like disclaimer. We pause for a reply. When that is settled, we shall then put the same question to the "Old Boy in specs." We know what's what as well as another.

It has been ascertained, by experiment, that salmon may be colonized in rivers and lakes, where they have never before run. And that they only run where they have been spawned.

**Cupid in New York.**  
Right glad are we that the little god of love has not left this planet in disgust, and taken up his abode with the inhabitants of the moon. It rejoices us to find that there are hearts left, warm enough to feel the glow of disinterested affection. Whenever we have a delicious tale to tell, a tale of beauty and affection, and a true story beside, we never know how to begin. We have all the characters in our head—and all the incidents—all the delightful emotions and tender passions—all the charming romance that belongs to a description of a fond youth's passion, a maiden's first affection—a cruel father's anger—a stolen match—and the thousand things which go to prove that "The course of true love never did run smooth."

Names are trivial matters, and it is of no consequence whether we call the father of our heroine, Alderman A. B. or C.

"The rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and so would an alderman—therefore we shall call him Alderman B., which, if not his real name, is not far from it. The alderman is a very amiable and estimable man—a man of wealth, and universally respected; an honorable, benevolent and worthy gentleman. You will find very few such—perhaps not one in ten thousand. Were all the men in this city put into a wheel of fortune, you would hardly draw out in a thousand chances, a better man than Alderman B.

Young, beautiful, rich, and accomplished, his daughter was not only the delight and pride of her fond father, but the life and soul of the life circle in which she moved. Miss B. was the object of universal admiration. It is to be wondered at that she had many lovers—that many hearts beat quicker in her presence—and that many who have no hearts to beat, still loved to bask in the sunshine of her beauty? We wonder not.

Think—only think of sweet seventeen—the very sound has a charm in it. Imagine virtue and loveliness united with that delightful period of existence—who that sees such a combination, would not feel some singular emotions? Then fancy sweet seventeen, and virtue, and loveliness united to almost boundless wealth—by heaven! 'tis enough to turn the heads of every gallant in Christendom. O! she was a capital prize in the world's great lottery, and while there are such, although we should draw a blank, we shall never regret having taken a ticket.

The rosy god of love is more capricious than Venus and Cupid, and the rest of them, got together last summer to arrange some little affairs concerning us mortals. Said Venus, "My dear little Cupid, when are you going to bend your bow at Miss B.?" "Miss B.," says the little god; "what Miss B.? do you mean Alderman B.'s daughter, that charming little girl? Why, to say the truth, my dear mother, I like her well, and have so long sipped the sweetness of her honied lips myself, and rested my head on her soft bosom, that I kind'er hate to shute." Venus insisted that it was high time he had sent a shaft long ago. "Good heavens! master Cupid," said she; "why, what do you think of yourself for letting that beautiful creature grow up to womanhood without feeling one tender emotion—one impulse of love and gratitude? Go, take your bow and arrows, take first aim, and fire right at her, you lazy little varmint; and if you don't hit her, when you come back I'll spank you, by hovey!"

Terrified at this threat of his goddess mother, the little fellow fixed a new string to his bow, put some bright arrows in his quiver, and winged his way from the celestial mansions of his father, mother, aunts, uncles and cousins, and descending on a moon beam through the pure crystalline sky, he landed on the Battery. 'Twas a beautiful night. Ten thousand stars were glittering in the firmament, and ten thousand waves were glittering in the bay. Here and there a vessel rode at anchor, while the soft breezes sighed through her tapering masts and rigging. Cupid looked about a moment upon the scene—took one of his arrows, and sharpened it against a stone post, and then tried the elasticity of his bow. He looked all round, but saw no one to practice on. He wanted a target, just to try his hand.

The little urchin walked up Broadway, and met a Charley, who threatened to put him in the watch-house for walking the streets without any trousers; but he only laughed, kicked up his heels and left him. "This is a splendid house," quoth Cupid, when he came to the residence of Miss B.—his father, "and there is the Alderman snoring fast asleep, dreaming about the next charter election, and reckoning his chances for a higher office. I must play a trick with the old fellow. Let's see what I'll do—the Alderman is rich and ambitious—he wants his daughter to marry some purple proud aristocrat—I'll disappoint him. I'll look up Broadway—find some devilish clever fellow without any money, and I'll shoot the rich Alderman's daughter and him with the same arrow—then he'll run away with her, and the old man will be in a passion, and the young ones will be happy, and I shall look on and see the fun—won't I die a laughing?"

Thus discoursed the roguish little god, and took from his quiver his most piercing shaft, drew his bow, and in an instant the warm heart of the sleeping beauty was pierced through and through. For a moment he hovered about her chamber, and then he plucked out the arrow, stole a kiss from her ripe, red, pouting lips, and hastened on his next errand. "Who the devil shall I find, at this time of night?" said Cupid. "Shall I take one of these rake fellows that are coming out of Palmo's? No—I'll look further. Hullo!—who have we here?—an Astronomer gazing at the moon through a telescope. Ah—Mr. Optician, your man. Ready! aim! fire!"

Poor fellow!—the arrow had taken effect, and he sighed, high ho! "You're done for," said the laughing cherub, and up he sprung, through the pure ether, his golden wings glittering in the moonbeams, to tell his mother all about it. "The course of true love"—bah! we have made the quotation once too often already. It is very good, and very true, but who is the use of quoting it eternally. Mr. Optician had seen and admired our heroine often before—now he loved her. Until now he was pleased, charmed, delighted, but still he was cool and self-possessed. Now he trembled, stammered, palpitated; and she, poor girl,

Let us hasten to the catastrophe. The attachment was discovered, and the lover forbidden the house.—Prudence may have dictated the step—but ambition had a hand in it. It was doubtless very wrong for a humble Optician to fall in love with the daughter of an Alderman B., and quite as wrong for an Alderman's daughter to return his passion, but we have seen already where the blame was—that little rascal, Cupid. It has been hinted that it was, at least on one side, cupidity, but we don't nor can't nor won't believe it. Be that as it may—the Optician was expelled from the mansion of the Alderman.

Here was a pretty pass—two young ones over head and ears in love, and the old ones not willing—an Alderman in a passion, and a gallant turned out of doors. What would you have done young gentlemen? What would you, my pretty Miss? What would Alderman B. have done in the same situation. Precisely as did the Optician, who stole a march on the old man, and while he was electing, got privately married, trusting to fortune, to make him for once, fortune's favorite. He did all that, and it was a full week, amid the hurly and bustle, and the spring of the last city election, before the awful disclosure took place. And then—then, O ye gods and little fishes, what a blow up!

When a thing is done, we should make the best of it. To some this assertion will appear wholly uncalled for, but there are thousands—vise do not acknowledge the principle. The worthy Aldermen, instead of doing what, according to the dictates of common sense, and the authorities of the novitiates, and especially all dramatic rules and precedents, he should have done—instead of saying—"Well, well, what's done can't be helped—take my daughter, you young dog, and make her a good husband," he discarded her and she and her husband have left the city.

Such is the present posture of affairs. Whether the Alderman will relent—whether he does not already, and is only punishing them for disobeying him, and intends to restore his darling child to her rightful place in his affections, nothing at present is known.—We hope that this will be the upshot of the affair.—The gentleman may have been very much in the wrong—the lady certainly was very naughty to not mind her Pa, but that she has committed one indiscretion is no reason why she should suffer the effects of it through a whole life.

There is an immensity of flour in Western warehouses—intended for the Eastern market—waiting, we suppose, for prices to rise. They may as well bring it on, for flour will never again bring the price it has for six months past.

**By the Express Mail.**  
[Correspondence of the Herald.]  
NEW ORLEANS, May 13, 1837—12 M.  
The die is cast. Six of our banks suspended last evening—the Atchafalaya, the Orleans, the Carroll, the City, the Mechanics, and Traders', and the Louisiana. The rest will follow today or on Monday. Nothing can save them under heaven. Forfall, the leader of the French banks, admitted last evening the necessity, and while he did so, his lip quivered with anger at the tyrannical course of the government. The return of French protested bills daily expected from Havre and Paris, will place these *Lur Creole* monsters far in the back ground. Their losses will be immense. The pet banks will certainly declare today, before bank hours are closed. They would have joined with the first batch, but for their position with the government. I venture to predict that the whole of the government deposits throughout the country will be unavailable in coin in less than two months. The government, by suffering the state banks to suspend, has been caught in a trap. The pet banks will prove treacherous, and will glory in it. They have the government funds in their hands, and what care they? Some think that the Kinderhooker knew how things would go, and determined that the whole surplus should be lost, to gain his point—that is to make all the state banks unpopular, and then propose a specie currency, to precede his great safety fund measure. There is no telling the depth of this man's maneuvering, or his ignorance. He is either a consummate knave or a very ignoramus. Time alone will show which. I am inclined to the first alternative.

We bear things philosophically here. As yet no manifestations of public opposition are shown to the measure. There will probably be none, as the small holders of notes have long since exchanged them for specie, under apprehensions of this movement. Our population here is not made up of the refuse of England, Ireland and Germany, as in New York—and hence our quiet.

We daily and hourly look for the news of your bankers having stopped. What can save them? The United States Bank will be compelled to follow suit, if my information be correct. Their agents here, the Merchants' Bank, are only waiting for orders from Philadelphia.

A gentleman well versed in these matters, has just told me he has made an estimate of the government moneys loaned out in the various states by the pet banks on the former fictitious values of things, and that the loss to the government will be certain of twelve millions. Add this to the public funds made unavailable by the suspension, and the government will be compelled to borrow money for its expenditures before November next. Is there any truth in the report that the privy council has ordered the Bank of England to suspend if necessity require it? Prices of produce in statu quo.

Just heard—as the mail is in—that all the Mobile banks have suspended. So we go.

**NEW ORLEANS, May 14.—Suspension of Specie Payments.**—The long anticipated climax of our calamities broke upon our city yesterday morning. The Presidents of the Bank of Louisiana, City Bank, Mechanics and Traders', Carrollton, Atchafalaya, and Bank of Orleans, held a meeting on Friday evening and came to the determination, and accordingly gave notice through some of the journals of the city, that they should temporarily suspend the payment of specie for their notes. On the opening of the Banks yesterday morning, a tremendous run was made upon all of them. Smaller notes were cashed during the day, by some of them, but all notes over \$10 were refused.

A general dismay pervaded all classes of our community. Persons were seen running to and from the Banks, and returning with their hands full of silver.—Others, again, sent large bills accompanied with boxes to bring home their silver: those were obliged to return empty, finding no favor with the tellers. Could we believe that the motives which actuated the banks to this measure, were any thing but purely selfish—did we suppose that they had one spark of feeling for the interests of that community for whom they manifest so much solicitude—were there any just ground for believing that their course can have a tendency to dissipate, in the least, at pressure which for the last two months has been preying upon the vitals of our commercial community and destroying confidence between man and man—could we be brought to realize all this, we would be among the first to uphold them. But we think different. They have all along been playing an iniquitous game, and now come out, forthwith, with the plea that they are endeavoring to restore that confidence, the destruction of which their former system of favoritism has been so instrumental in bringing about.

As yet we have seen no reason for a suspension of specie payments. There has been no run upon the banks but what might have been made in the best of times. The pet country traders have always carried away a large portion of the money they got for their produce in specie. This they have done now, and would do in the most prosperous times.

We rejoice in one thing, however, and that is the banks will hereafter be compelled to "show their hands." The next legislature will doubtless pass such laws as will compel the directors to let the people know in what manner the affairs of the different institutions are conducted, and not allow them to continue their dark underhanded schemes.

We rejoice, also, that things cannot become worse.

**Pennyance.**  
We understand that the Gas Light and Bank and Merchants, and they alone, continued to pay specie yesterday until the closing of their doors at the regular hour. All right in these institutions so far, and we trust this state of things will continue.

**SCENE IN A BANK.**—An Irishman entered one of our banks yesterday, and throwing down a \$5 bill—"Will you be kind enough, Mistor, just to give me the specie for that same bit of a bill?"

"No, sir."

"What can't you be after paying such a small sum as that, at all, at all?"

"We have suspended paying specie altogether!"

"Suspended, h v e you? And is this the institution, sure, that cannot pay an honest man five dollars, that you have had a man parading about with a loaded musket, all the long winter through, to keep off thieves? If you had a pig, or any thing valuable to protect, 'twould all have been right enough; but such a poor, miserable creature as this is, sure. Och! botheration to you, and the like of you!"—*Ibid.*

Never was there so much liquor drank in Orleans in one day as yesterday, and all on account of the suspension of the banks. Sober, steady men would go to the bar-rooms to negotiate their paper, after having been refused at the banks, and here too they were denied cash payment, the bar-keepers taking nothing but the legitimate in payment for juleps and gin slings. The consequence was, that many a steady man, found himself before night, in a very unsteady situation. During all this time, the imprecations against the banks, were long, loud and bitter, and well do they deserve the reproaches of those who suffer from their illegal measures.

If any advocate of the banks, upon the principles on which they have been conducted, has heretofore doubted their being the cause, the procuring cause of the evils which have descended upon the country, like an avalanche from the mountains, carrying widespread desolation in their train, the scenes of which our city present, yesterday must have removed such doubts. For what, in heaven's name, have the names of ostranged justice, have the six banks, and as we believe, virtually the whole batch of city banks, suspended specie payments? This community are not apprised, from any legitimate source, that these banks have been run for specie beyond the ordinary demands of times like the present. Why did they not make an expose of their whole affairs to the public, and show by sound argument, that there was a necessity for the step of bankruptcy, previous to their taking it?

Do these banks down, by the course they have adopted, to compel the holders of their "regs," the laborer and industrious mechanic, to part with their hard earnings at a sacrifice of half or a third of their

value? What guarantee do they offer the community that they have not resorted to this measure for the purpose of speculation, by buying up, through their agents, the Shylocks, land sharks and brokers, their own "premises to pay," at a discount of fifty per cent! One of the great maxims of common law is, that no man shall take advantage of his own wrong, and the banks of this city may be assured, that we shall keep an Argus eye upon them, to see that they do not in the present instance violate with impunity this glorious maxim of the law. Let the suspended banks offer to purchase, directly or indirectly, one dollar of their paper at a discount, and we pledge ourselves to sound the alarm, and expose such wickedness to the retribution of the unmitigated indignation of an injured and insulted people.—*Ibid.*

**SPECIE PAYMENTS.**—Common honesty would dictate, that so long as the banks had a dollar in their vaults, or property which they could dispose of for cash, they should continue to pay specie. But these deviations from the rules of right are defended on the ground of expediency. "It is," say they, "to prevent a drain of money from the country." There was never, perhaps, a more superficial argument advanced in defence of a bad cause. Specie, like any other article of commerce, will go where it can command the highest price, and every effort made by corporations or governments to reverse this universal law, will be partial and injurious in its operations. If the owners of specie can sell it for more in New York or England than they can here, it will most certainly be sent to those places. And no surer course can be pursued to decrease its value at home, and relatively increase its value abroad, than to substitute paper as a currency in its stead. For specie being used primarily as a currency, to displace it by paper, would be to deprive it of its utility, and of course its value. If we wish to retain the specie, make it use necessary to the ordinary transactions of business, and it will not be exported, for the palpable reason that the community will have no surplus.

It was rumored last night that the Legion was to be ordered out, and cannon placed so as to take the principal thoroughfares of the city for the protection of the banks! Words cannot express our indignation at the insult, or our contempt for the men who would resort to such means to support a rotten system of fraud. Gentlemen, keep cool. The citizens will not molest you illegally—they will use but the strong power of public opinion, and what little redress the law has left them. Do not urge them to desperation by an attempt to bully them into submission, for you and your force would be no more to them than were the troops of Charles X to the patriotic citizens of Paris. But they mean not to resort to violence; do not, therefore, lose your senses. We know the feelings of our citizens too well to suppose for an instant, that they would violate the peace; they are rather inclined, notwithstanding their losses, to laugh at the folly of those who would attempt to deceive them further. But we do not wonder at the precautionary measures which have been taken; "suspicion always haunts the guilty mind."—*Ibid.*

**MOBILE, May 13.**—The Agricultural Bank of Natchez, (Miss.) suspended specie payments on the 4th inst., and on the 5th, commenced the issue of two and three dollar notes, being the first of the kind issued by any bank in that state.—*Com. Register.*

Last evening another public meeting was held at the Court House, in reference to the suspension of specie payments by the banks. It was called anonymously, but showed on its face that it proceeded from some of the dissentient minority of the meeting of the 10th, whose proceedings we published on Thursday. In the notice it was stated that the public meeting of the 10th was convened for the purpose of calling on the banks for this suspension—that it appeared that two-thirds of the people were believed to be opposed to such a call. A meeting was then requested to "rescue the character of the city of Mobile from the odium of the call upon the banks made on Wednesday last."

The intent of the meeting, under this notice was then plainly avowed to be, the obtaining of a reversal to the opinions of the majority at Wednesday's meeting favorable to the suspension of specie payments when deemed necessary by the banks, and a public censure of the banks' suspension. Yesterday morning the banks suspended the measure. In the order of time, and the proceedings which we publish below, show satisfactorily, that the views which prevailed in summoning it, had changed materially. No attempt was made to impeach the correctness of the decision of the meeting of Wednesday, nor to affix any odium to these recommendations,—on the contrary, it was expressly admitted that "the banks have followed the indication of public sentiment in the city." In this, we think there is still a looseness of expression, not favorable to a full understanding of the matter. In this suspension of specie payments, we have not been able to see any following or any leading, in the sense of either the community or the banks, induced or originated the measure. In the order of time, the public meeting called for the suspension of specie payments, but the measure has been the subject of general conversation among the merchants and Bank Directors, as an emergency likely to be forced upon us soon by the increasing pressure of the times. The suspension was accordingly more the result of a concurrent movement of the banks and the community, than of any indication from either.—But the declaration of the meeting that the banks did follow such an indication of popular sentiment, is a contradiction to the imputation that two-thirds of the people would be found to disapprove of the call.—*Ibid.*

**CHARLESTON, May 16, 5 P. M.**—ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON.—A most numerous and highly respectable meeting of the citizens of Charleston, took place at the City Hall, this day, pursuant to the Resolution of yesterday.

The Hon. Robert Y. Hayne, Mayor of the city, acted as Chairman, and A. G. Magrath, Esq. as Secretary.

Mr. David Alexander, from the committee of seven then presented in behalf of the committee, the following:

1. That the notes of each Bank should be freely received by every other, in deposit and in payment of debts.

2d. That each bank should lay before the other banks, a weekly statement of their transactions.

3d. That weekly adjustments take place of the balances due by the banks to each other.

4th. That during the suspension of specie payments, the issues of the banks be confined within the narrowest limits consistent with the welfare and the wants of the community, and that the whole business of the banks be conducted with a view to the resumption of specie payments at an early day.—*Mercury.*

**BALTIMORE, May 20.**—Commodore Dallas, commander of our naval squadron in the Gulf of Mexico, has thought it his duty, on examining into the circumstances of the capture of the Mexican national brig Gen. Urres, by the U. S. ship Natchez, to give orders for the immediate release of the captured vessel.—*Patriot.*

**THE CROP.**—The accounts from Frederick county are very unfavorable as to the prospects of a wheat crop. The Frederick Citizen says it "hazards but little in saying, that a sufficient quantity of wheat will not be produced in the country, the present year, to furnish the farmers with an adequate supply of seed for the succeeding year." The spring crops, however, promise better. The late rains have had a fine effect upon these, and the Citizen remarks that should the season continue favorable to their growth, there will be a greater quantity of corn and oats raised in that section of the country the present year than was ever known before. The farmers seeing the hopeless condition of their wheat fields, have wisely exerted themselves to supply the deficiency, by increased allotments of land to the production of oats and corn.

In Pennsylvania the prospect of the growing wheat crops is decidedly more favorable. The Harrisburg Telegraph of Thursday says: "We congratulate our farmers in this vicinity on the prospect of fine crops. While fields that a month ago were nearly given up as lost, now promise a heavy harvest. The change since the war in rains has been astonishing. Grass never looked better; and corn, oats and barley, are shooting forth vigorously." With regard to fruit, the prospect is less favorable. The peach trees, &c. appear to have suffered some injury by the late frosts.—*Ibid.*

Mr. VAN BUREN is up to his eyes in trouble—those who have seen him within a few days, tell of his haggardness and dejection. Well may he be miserable! His judgment has been opposed to the "experiment" in all its parts; no one doubted its policy more than he did. But it was required of him to support that measure as almost a preliminary condition to his formal nomination to the Presidency. In every subsequent stage of that experiment, he beheld still more appal-

ling evidences of its folly and madness. Yet no one step would he retract—"Onward!" was the word, as the whole machinery of currency, trade and credit became disorganized, and louder was the cry of "Perish Credit!" "Perish Commerce!" And here we are. Van Buren saw very well that the ship of State would be deprived of her rudder, and sent to sea with a certainty of sinking, but he did not so easily understand how she was to be raised again, and placed in a seaworthy condition. But he had to submit to it, with the miserable privilege of biting his lip when the eye of no executive minion beheld him.

The Farmers' and Mechanics Bank of Georgetown is still paying specie for her paper, to the pleasure of many and annoyance of a few. Upon inquiry, I have learned that that bank is in a situation to enable it to pay specie with perfect ease, even in times like the present. But it is said it is implored by certain interests to let the prostration be universal, by closing its vaults. That bank too well understands the advantages of its position to forego them—its flag is nailed to the mast head, and there it will wave in triumph while Clement Smith remains its president. Congress will be here now in a few weeks when a solitary specie paying bank will have undeniable claims to a charter and all things else that it may reasonably ask.

The government now moves on like a steam engine of immense power, but with many of its screws loose, and much of its important machinery misplaced—such grating and crashing was never witnessed before.—*Ibid.*

**THE HERO IN BAD ODOR.**—No man ever had firmer friends and supporters than Gen. Jackson. His military glory surrounded his name with a dazzling brilliancy, which the million ever love to gaze upon.—One of his most enthusiastic supporters was Mr. G., a merchant in this city, whose enterprise, wealth and influence made him a prominent member of the "party." The parlor mantel of his splendid mansion in Broadway was ornamented with a bust of the old veteran, which had long stood there, a household god, honored by himself and his numerous family.

A change came. Adversity is a test of friendship which few can stand. In the present commercial revulsion, in which so many stately fortunes have crumbled in the dust, Mr. G. did not escape the fate of hundreds of our citizens, who have lost—some the airy fabrics of their hastily expanded wealth—others the hard earned savings of years of honest industry.

One morning last week, Mr. G., in the presence of his family, gravely approached this hero's effigy, and bowing low, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, thus addressed it—

"General—I have loved and honored you. For years I have been your friend and supporter. We must part. It is hard to separate from old and once valued acquaintances—but your acts have plunged me in bankruptcy and ruin. My fortune is gone, and your policy has been the cause. I could have borne much, but not every thing. We must part. You shall be buried with the honors of war, and"

"Riches take to themselves wings."

This passage evidently alludes to the paper currency—the exclusive paper currency, that is, forced down the throats of the bamboozled community. The present stupendous fraud of an universal suspension of specie payments, in a country, containing a specie currency of not less than \$50,000,000; can be nothing less than a fulfillment of some special prophecy. The "god of this world" is cutting his most devilish capers—mammon has got into a drunken frolic—the root of all evil has sprouted and budded—and blossomed—and shed its fruit, and the land is filled with its chaff, with which the simple are deluded, but you can't catch old birds in that sort of a way.

It has come to such a pass, that if you go into an eating house, and present the pure, bright silver, they will try to make you take, for change, their dirty shilling and sixpenny notes, signed by Tam, Dick, and Harry. They may be as good as bank notes, we dare say the most of them are, but they shouldn't have the impudence to offer them for silver, and then take it as an insult if they are refused. "What do you refuse to take my paper? don't you think I am good for a sixpence?" said the cashier of a chop house. "Yes, I dare say you are—and so am I. If you can't give me change, I may as well owe you, as you me. My promise to pay is as good as yours—here is my deebill for a shilling."

Some of the Boston papers are in favor of the banks issuing bills for 50, 25, and 12½ cents, in order to drive all specie out of circulation. Boston is always bragging about her "seaporters"—well she may—for there is no place under heaven, where popular excitements so much resembles a tempest in a teapot. The meeting in Faneuil Hall, the other day, was all bubble and will end in vapor.

**MYNHEER BENNETT.**—I wish very much dish morning puzzled—by mine good friend Jonathan, vat brought me to your leetle paper, as you calls the Herald. He was say, as Martin Van Buren has make a message in Dutch, and he couldn't net out make it. So I say—the President's ish know vats vat; he ish von man as has goot taste. Let me see dish message.

Vell, I looks the paper at—and I puts my nose in mine spectacles—and I looks it up and down, and over dish vays and under dish vays, and vays of corner, and all vays, but I vas nothing make of him. "De tyel," I saysh, "dunder and blixen—vat Dutch of kind ish dish, ay?" Den I vas go to mine neighbor—vat ish brother of mine vrow. "Hans," I saysh, "here ish mynheer Van Buren's message—vat ish such Dutch as never vas been read."

Hans vas have been a goot water—but he wash more bothered as I. Then he calls his vrow, as ish mine sister, and she vas say as she have see some Dutch in von bible, vats old family ish. Goot cot, she vas say—dish ish more like ash dat ish nothing. Den vas all puzzled more as any body—and we have ask you, Mynheer Bennett, to make the Presidents message translate, so as we can read the banks above, and look the monish species over.

**DIEDRICK VAN BOTHBECK.**

**IN MAINE,** every militia man, while on duty, has \$4 per day.

**REMARKABLE.**—A landlord, in Newark, recently called on his tenant, and offered, of his own accord to take \$200 off his rent. The millennium is approaching.

**THE UNITED STATES** ship of the line Ohio, is fitting for sea. The Mediterranean is supposed to be her destination.

**AN INDIAN SUICIDE** is recorded in a Western paper. In the case mentioned, the rifle was resorted to instead of the slower, but not less fatal operation of the run bottle.

**NATIONAL THEATRE.**—Mrs. HARRISON, a pretty little creature and a charming actress, takes her benefit tonight. Lord HACKETT plays King Lear, and the comedy of the Kentuckian, and Amore, a clever gentlemanly fellow, and good actor, plays Paul in "The Critic," and Colonel Freelee in "A Day after the Wedding." There is also to be a concert and lots of other amusements. Good encourage the little woman.

**BOWERY.**—Who never saw the "Water Witch," "Zemba," "John Adams's Arrival," and the thousand and one attractions of tonight. Now's the time or never.